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ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON;

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HIS PATRIOTISM AND COURAGE,

BENEVOLENCE AND PIETY;

WITH OTHER

EXCELLENT TRAITS OF CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:

CARTER, HENDEE, AND CO.

1833.



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P R E F A C E .

THE following work, designed for the benefit of quite a young class of readers, lays no great claim to originality. In the preparation of it, the author has availed himself of every article adapted to his purpose, which he could readily obtain. Most of the pieces required essential alteration, to meet the understandings of those for whom the work is intended ; and several have been written entirely anew.

The task has been a humble one, which the author has attempted. But it becomes exalted, by means of the noble character, whose virtues it is here attempted to portray to the children of the United States.

No mind can dwell upon such a character as that of Washington, without delight ; and presented, as it may be, and should be, to the children of the land, at their forming period, it is eminently calculated to contribute to their patriotism, piety, and benevolence ; and, in truth, to every virtue, which can enrich and adorn the human mind.

It has been justly observed by another, and as eloquently as justly, that “we cannot recur too often, nor dwell too long, upon the lives of such men ; for our own will take something of their form and impression from those on which they rest. If we inhale the moral atmosphere in which they moved, we must feel its purifying and invigorating influence. If we raise our thoughts to their devotion, our minds will be expanded, and ennobled, in beholding the immeasurable distance beneath and around us. Can we breathe the pure mountain air, and not be refreshed? can we walk abroad among the beautiful and the grand of the works of creation, and feel no kindling of devotion?”

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INTRODUCTION.

MORE than thirty years have elapsed since the earthly career of Washington closed. None of those for whom this little work is designed, ever saw this distinguished man ; nor will this pleasure, in this world, pertain to them. But they may become acquainted with him, through the medium of others.

And what better model can be set before the children of the United States, both in early, and in more advanced life ? He was a pattern of obedience to the wishes of his parents. His firm adherence to truth, even when a boy, is worthy of special notice. This was a trait in his character which was never tarnished. Through a long, and active, and toilsome life, he was just, temperate, and honest ; modest, generous, and brave. As a friend to his country, his name stands enrolled among the noblest patriots. He devoted his best days to her service, and this, without reward, except the well earned praises of his fellow citizens. Was he not worthy of imitation ?

We are aware that it may be said, indeed, by the child, that *his* lot is a far different one from that of Washington. But although no one may be presented with precisely the same theatre of distinguished action, yet to whom is the

path to usefulness and honor closed? The field for exhibiting the virtues of character, which Washington exhibited, may not indeed be so wide to every one; but it is nevertheless true, what the poet has said—

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.

Your station in life, little reader, may be a humble one; yet, if you fulfil the duties of it faithfully, you will deserve equally well of your country, as if, in a more conspicuous station, you did more. In the latter case, more would be expected. In like manner, you may hope to be rewarded hereafter by the great God, who will bestow his favours upon men, not in proportion to the talents entrusted to them, but according to their *improvement* of those they enjoyed.

I would add a single remark, touching the advantages which the young enjoy, in this country, above all other countries. Here, the path to usefulness, honor, office, lies open to all. He that is *honest* and *capable*, may reach the most exalted and honorable station in our land. All may be honest; and with the privileges for education, with which most are favoured, many more might become qualified for eminence, were they sufficiently diligent and persevering in their application.

ANECDOTES OF WASHINGTON.



WASHINGTON AND HIS FATHER.

It was a lovely morning in the autumn of 1737, when the father of George rapped at the door of two friends, who were on a visit to his family, and invited them to accompany him in a walk. The invitation was gladly accepted.

It was indeed a delightful morning. The party were full of life and animation. But no one seemed to enjoy the walk more than George, who was, at this time, a small boy of five years old.

"We will take a turn in the orchard," said Mr. Washington. "I can shew you a fine sight."

"A fine sight, indeed," observed one of the gentlemen of the party, as they entered a large orchard, abounding with the richest variety of fruit. "The ground seems to be quite covered, and yet the trees are still bending under their load."

"An abundant crop," said Mr. Washington; "more than we shall well know how to dispose of."

At this moment, Mr. Washington turned to George, who was round among the trees, selecting the fairest apples he could find, and filling his pockets. "George, my son."

“What, father,” said George; “do you want *me*?”

“I called you, my son; come here.”

George came running to his father, who said, “Do you remember, my son, how that your cousin gave you a large fine apple last spring?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Well, George, and what became of it?”

The countenance of George fell. He looked quite confused and ashamed. The apple in question had been given to *him*; and when asked by his father to divide it, and to give part to his little brothers and sisters, he had almost refused. He was quite a small boy, and his father had endeavoured to shew him the impropriety of being selfish. And, moreover, he had told him, that in the autumn, he would give him an abundance of apples, if he would be liberal and kind.

I said George appeared confused and ashamed.

He looked down upon the ground, and scratched the earth with his little toes, just as I have seen other boys do, when they felt bad.

“Look up, my son, look up,” said Mr. Washington, “and see how bounteous God has been to us. Here are more apples than you could eat in all your life. I promised you an abundance; and, now, because you gave your brothers and sisters some of your apple last spring, you may have as many as you want.”

This did not satisfy George. He had indeed given a part of his apple to his brothers and sisters; but he had done it reluctantly; and now he felt condemned for his selfishness; nor was he happy again, until, stepping up to his father, he said, in a soft and very pleasant tone, “*Well, father, only forgive me this time, and see if I ever be so stingy any more.*”

WASHINGTON'S EARLY REGARD FOR TRUTH.

SOME time after the above occurrence, I suppose it was, George had a present made him of a hatchet. Like other boys, he was very fond of it, and was abroad every fine day to use it.

At length he found his way into the garden, where he employed himself for some time in hacking pea-bushes. This was quite an innocent amusement. But by and by, he discovered a young cherry-tree, which he attacked with great spirit; and, though unable to cut it down, he so hacked it as to render it of no value.

It happened to be a choice variety, and a tree which his father had cultivated with great care.

The next morning, Mr. Washington was, as usual, in the garden quite early, and discovered the mischief.

“What! what! who has done this?” he inwardly exclaimed, as he examined the lacerated

tree. "I would scarcely have taken five guineas for it."

With some warmth, and a somewhat quicker step than usual, he hastened into the house, and began his inquiries as to the author of the mischief.

No one knew—no one had remarked it. And for a time, it seemed doubtful whether the author would be found out.

Where George was all this time, I am unable to say. But, at length, it occurred to Mr. Washington that he had a hatchet, and might prove to be the rogue.

Search for George was now made ; when lo ! the fellow was discovered with the very instrument of all the mischief in his hand.

"George !" said his father, with some sternness.

"What ! father," said George, quite confused ; not thinking about the cherry-tree, and not knowing indeed much about its value.

“George! do you know”—I can well imagine that Mr. Washington almost hesitated to go on with the question, for fear George might be tempted to conceal the truth. But, be this as it may, he did ask,—

“George! do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry-tree, yonder, in the garden?”

What a question for poor George. For a moment, he said nothing; his head fell; he looked upon the ground; he was *tempted* to say, “that he did not know.” But this would not do; no, he could not deceive; or, if he could, he would not; so, looking up to his father, with a manly spirit of confession, and with a kind of triumph, that he had gotten the victory over the temptation, which came upon him to deceive, he cried out, “*I can’t tell a lie, father; you know I can’t tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.*”

This was a noble confession. Mr. Washington felt a thrill of joy running through all his

bones, and his heart fairly leaped with delight. He clasped his son to his bosom, and exclaimed, "I am glad you killed the cherry-tree; for by means of it, I have discovered how much my



boy regards the truth. You was powerfully tempted to deceive; but you have nobly triumphed. Such a victory is worth a thousand trees all blossoming with silver—nay, all loaded with gold."

WASHINGTON TAUGHT THE BEING OF A GOD.

THE father of George was a man who was deeply impressed with the importance of a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being. And before his son was very old, he took the following plain and delightful method of instilling into his mind the same solemn truth.

He prepared, one day, a bed of earth in the garden, in the neighbourhood of a favourite walk of his son. In this, he wrote with a small stick the name of his son, *George Washington*, at full length, and just in those letters he scattered plentifully some cabbage seed. This being done, he carefully covered the seed, smoothed over the bed, and waited the issue.

In a few days the seed germinated, the plants appeared, and then, quite conspicuously in the bed, appeared in green—nature's writing—the name of George Washington.

One day, not long after, the desired discovery was made. George was taking his favourite course in the garden, either trundling his wagon or riding his prancing horse—a bean-pole, perhaps, or a broomstick—when his eye caught a sight of the wonder.

He stopped and gazed—spelt the name—hesitated—doubted—read again; he never saw such a wonder before—never heard of any such thing—could not believe his eyes; yet it was so.

He tarried not long, but bounded towards the house, and soon stood in the presence of his father.

“Father!” exclaimed he.

“Well, George, what’s the matter?”

“Why, father, I’ve seen such a sight!”

“What? where? my son,” inquired Mr. Washington, entering with kindness into the animation and surprise of his son.

“In the garden, sir.”

“And what have you seen strange in the garden?”

“Oh! come and see, come and see, father; something I never heard of before,” said George.

Although well persuaded what the strange sight would prove to be, Mr. Washington repaired, with more than usual expedition, to the spot; George leading the way, by some rods in advance.

“Here, father, here it is; did you ever see such a sight before?”

“What is it you see so strange?” said Mr. Washington, now approaching, and affecting some wonder at the zeal of George.

“Why, here, father, don’t you see these?” stooping down, and passing his little fingers over the letters of his name in the bed.

“What, George?”

“Why, my name, father, here, growing in this bed, so green; how came this so?”

“Is it any thing wonderful?” asked Mr. Washington.

“Why, father, I never heard of any such thing before; did you?”

“Why—George—well”—said Mr. Washington, a little hesitating at the unexpected question; “it is certainly curious.”

“But, father, how came it here?”

“May be, by *chance*, George.”

“No, no, father, it could not have come by chance; I never heard of such a thing.”

“Well, and why may it not have come by chance?”

“I don’t know, father; but I don’t *believe* it did.”

“We don’t believe many things, George, which nevertheless are true.”

“Yes, yes, father; but I never *saw* any thing like it before.”

“That may be, and yet it may have come by chance.”

“Well, I never *heard* of any such thing.”

“True, and yet might it not happen, although *you* never heard of it?”

“Ah! but, father, how should little plants grow up just so as to make the letters of *my* name—*all* the letters—all in *exact order*? why was it not *your* name? Ah! father, why was it *any one's* name?”

“It is *rather wonderful*,” said Mr. Washington.

“Ah! father, I guess”—said George, looking up rather inquisitively—

“Well, and what do you guess, my son?”

“Why, I guess somebody did this; yes, I’ve just thought; somebody sowed the seed so as to make my name. I guess *you* did it, father; didn’t you?”

“Well, George, for once you are quite right in your guessing; I *did* do it.”

“What for, father?”

"What for? why, does it not look beautiful?"

"Yes; but you had some design, father. What did you mean by it?"

"I meant, George," replied Mr. Washington, "by means of it to teach you an *important lesson*."

"What, father? to plant seeds?"

"More important than that. I wish to prove to you that there is a great God."

"Why, I believe that now, father. Mother has often told me all about that."

"Well, but, George, how do you *know* that there is a God?"

"Because mother says there is."

"But what I mean, my son, is, how you would *prove* that there is a God?"

"I never studied that, father, and I don't know."

"Well, that is the very point which I wish you to know. Attend and I will explain.

“A short time since, and you discovered these letters in this bed; they appeared wonderful; you called me; you wished to know how they came here; I told you they might have come by chance; this did not satisfy you; can you tell why?”

“Because, it seemed as if somebody must have sowed the seed here just so,” said George.

“True, it does appear so; and now can you tell, my son, *why* it appears so?”

“Because,” said George, “I think somebody had a *design* in it; and you told me that *you* had some design in it, father.”

“Just so, George. I *had* a design in it; and the *marks of design* prove that the plants did not grow thus by chance, but that some agent, or being, was concerned in them; is it not so?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Now, then, George, look around; you see this beautiful world; you see how nicely all

things are *contrived*; what marks of design there are. We have fire to warm us when we are cold; water to drink when we are thirsty; teeth to eat with; eyes to see with; feet to walk with; in a thousand things we see design. There must then have been a *designer*—some one who formed these things for a *purpose*—for some *end*.”

“Ah!” said George, “I know whom you mean, father.”

“Whom, my son?”

“GOD ALMIGHTY. Do you not?”

“Yes, I mean HIM. It was he that created all the beautiful and convenient things which you see around you.”

“Father, did you ever see God?”

“No, my child; no man ever saw Him.”

“But if no one ever saw him, how is it known that he made all things?”

“And did you see *me*, when I prepared this bed and sowed this seed?”

“No, sir.”

“Yet you believe that some one prepared and sowed it, because you see the marks of design about the arrangement of the plants. Just so we may infer that some one made this beautiful world which we see, because we perceive such marks of design about it; and we call that Being *God*.

“God, then, is Lord and owner of all things, and should be acknowledged and worshipped as such.”

“But, father, isn't this garden yours? and that house, and all things round us, here?”

“No, my son,” replied Mr. Washington, “they are not mine. True, I call them mine, and they are mine to use, rather than my neighbours’; but they are only entrusted to my care. All things belong to God. He created them, and they are his. But he has given the care of them

to his creatures here, and will one day require an account of them."

"But, father," said George, "you built your house, didn't you; and is it not yours, then?"

"Yes, George; but if I did build it, did I create the materials of it? Who made the trees from which the timber, the boards, the shingles were obtained? Whence did the iron come, from which the nails were made? God formed all. And it was he, too, who formed the oxen, and the horses, and the sheep, and every thing which you see on the farm."

George now became silent, and appeared for a time lost in the reflections of his own mind. A good impression had been made. He seemed to feel the force of the argument which his father had used; and, from this time, it is believed, never questioned the truth, which lies at the foundation of all religion, that there is a God, the author and proprietor of all things.

THE FAVOURITE COLT.

AFTER Washington attained to manhood, he was remarkable for his sobriety; yet his boyhood was not without some instances of folly and rashness.

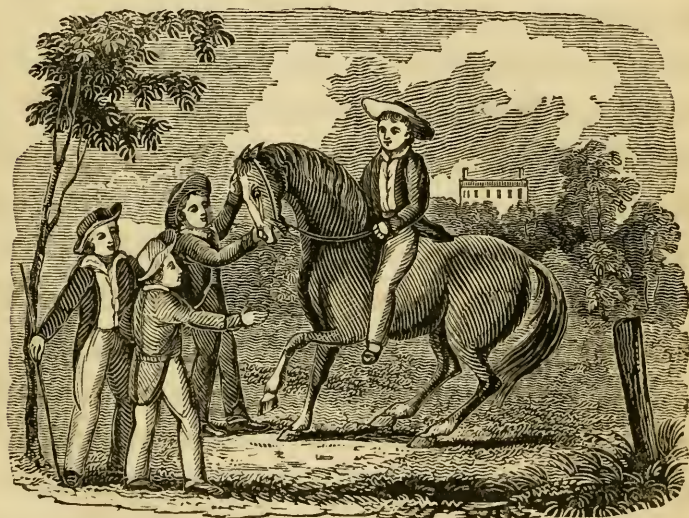
The story related of the favourite colt will serve as an illustration of this latter remark.

At the time the occurrence happened, which I am about to relate, George might have been somewhat past ten years old. At all adventures, his father was dead; and upon his mother devolved the general care of the plantation.

Among other things, she owned a colt; which, on account of its many fine points, was quite a favourite. It was old enough to have been broken long before; but for some reason, not now well understood, it had been neglected, and was remarkably wild.

George had frequently eyed this colt, as it

pranced round the field, proudly snuffing up the wind, wheeling and halting, and displaying its fine proportions ; and more than once he wished that he was upon its back, and *he* would curb his neck for him.



One day, at length, he told his wishes to some of his school-companions, and engaged them to meet him early the next morning, when, with their assistance, he would have a ride.

Accordingly, the little party assembled the following day, soon after sunrise, and repaired to the field, where the young Arabian was kept, at no great distance from the house. With some effort, they contrived to pen him, and with still more effort to put a bridle upon him.

“There, now, I have you,” said the exulting George, as the headstall passed over the ears of the terrified beast. “Now we’ll take an airing together, if you please. Come, boys, hold him.”

Several took hold of the bridle, while the athletic youngster, with a single leap, vaulted upon his back.

For a moment, the colt stood quite still, as if petrified with astonishment, at the daring of his young master. It was plain, however, that the spirit of his unsubdued nature was at work ; and the next moment, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his nostrils wide opened, he darted from his position, leaping, and rearing,

and whirling, and pitching, and bounding, and at length set forward as if a tornado had been after him.

“Hold on ! hold on, George !” exclaimed one of his companions, so terrified at the unexpected result of their enterprise, that he could scarcely stir—“hold on !”

“He ’ll be off,” said another.

“He ’ll be killed,” said a third.

“Never fear for George,” said a more courageous lad ; “don’t you see how he sticks to him ?”

The rider did indeed keep his seat surprisingly. But the struggle between them was desperate. Each determined—the one to subdue his charge—the other to throw his rider. And for a time it was doubtful on which side victory would settle ; but, at length, the colt, exasperated beyond endurance, made a furious plunge, and falling headlong burst a blood-vessel, which caused its death in an instant.

It was a tremendous fall ; and, for a moment, it seemed impossible but that horse and rider should have shared the same fate. But it was not so. George received no essential injury.

But it grieved him to see lying before him the lifeless body of the spirited animal, whose death he was now sensible had been occasioned by his censurable folly and rashness. His mother, too ! her fondness for this animal came crowding upon him, to render his trouble still more distressing.

Shortly after, a call to breakfast was heard. Some of the companions of George, I believe, had been invited to breakfast with him that morning ; and now, however much they could have desired to have been excused, they went in, and were soon seated at the table.

For a time, little was said—less than usual. Whether Mrs. Washington remarked this, I cannot say. But, at length, breaking the silence,

she inquired whether they had seen her fine sorrel colt in their rambles.

To this no one of the boys replied, and the question was therefore repeated.

There was now no escape. The case was to be met, and met at once. The integrity of George had been tried in still younger days; and now, again tried, it nobly stood the test. He replied to the question put by his mother—

“Your sorrel colt is dead, mother.”

“Dead! George,” exclaimed Mrs. W., with a good deal of surprise—“dead, do you say?” her hands relaxing from some service which she was performing at the table.

“Yes, he is dead.”

“How happened it, George?”

“I will tell you, mother. I am the only one in fault.” And now he proceeded to give her a circumstantial and correct account of the whole transaction.

Before the story was ended, the flush, which had for a short space risen upon the cheek of Mrs. W.,—an evidence of her displeasure,—had all passed away, and in conclusion she observed, quite kindly and calmly, “While I regret the loss of my favourite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth.”

HIS AFFECTION FOR HIS MOTHER.

THAT a mother should love such a son, as George proved himself to be, and that a son should love such a mother, as Mrs. Washington certainly was, is not at all surprising. From his earliest days, she had exerted her whole influence to embue him with a love of “whatever was lovely and of good report,” and her exertions had not been in vain. How well he repaid her for her kind care may be seen in the following story.

When about fourteen years of age, he became strongly inclined to go to sea, with a view of enlisting in the service of "the mother country," at that time engaged in a war with France and Spain.

It was surprising that a youth so young, and who had been abroad so little, should have had the moral courage to quit country and friends, on a purpose so full of danger. But, so it was. He was resolved to go. Preparation had been made. A midshipman's berth had been procured for him on board a British man of war, then lying in sight of his mother's house; and even his trunk was on board.

When the precise time arrived, that he was to go, he passed into the sitting room of his mother, to take his leave of her. She was seated and in tears.

He approached her, and putting his arms about her neck, affectionately kissed her. He

was about to bid her “farewell ;” but he hesitated. Her affection and affliction unmanned him. He was young and ambitious ; and at that early day the spirit of patriotism, which so nobly



characterized him in after life, in respect to his country, was stirring within him. Yet, the filial feelings of his heart were stronger than any other ties ; and here, nobly sacrificing his pride

and ambition, he relinquished his purpose, and staid to comfort her who gave him birth.

It was a noble self denial. And in the now more than forty years, that the writer of this has been upon the stage, and watched the course of human events, he can bear his testimony to the uniform prosperity of such as have honored father and mother. There is a promise recorded in favour of filial piety, and a God, who never forgets it, and never fails to fulfil it.

But my story is unfinished. The boat which was conveying officers and men and baggage from the shore to the ship, continued to ply. At length, she returned on shore for the last time. A signal flag was hoisted to denote that all was ready.

George was standing, viewing the movements. Several of his companions now entered the boat, which presently was urged towards the ship by several lusty oarsmen.

As they approached her, the signal gun for sailing was fired. The flash followed by the report were noticed by George, soon after which the sails rose majestically one after another.

George could no longer bear the sight with calmness, but turned away, and entered the room where his mother sat.

She observed the grief which sat upon his countenance; upon which she said, "I fear, my son, that you have repented your determination to stay at home, and make me happy."

"My dear mother," he replied, at the same time placing his arms about her neck, and giving vent to his feelings with a gush of tears, "I did strongly wish to go; but I could not endure being on board the ship, and know that you were unhappy."

"Well, my dear boy," said Mrs. W., returning his embrace, "I deeply feel your tenderness towards your mother, and trust that God will not let your filial affection go unrewarded."

WASHINGTON'S FIRST PUBLIC SERVICE. ,

IN the year 1753, at the age of twenty-one, Washington was first called upon to serve his country in a public manner.

At this time, the French in Canada were erecting forts on lands to the west, part of which belonged to Virginia. The governor of Virginia deemed it his duty to forbid the encroachment. Washington was selected to carry a letter to the French commander on the Ohio. The journey was above four hundred miles, two hundred of which lay through a trackless wilderness, inhabited by Indians. He left Williamsburg on the 31st of October, and delivered his letter on the 12th of December.

Having received an answer, he set out immediately on his return, which proved a very dangerous and toilsome one. The following is his account of the difficulties which he encountered.

“As I was uneasy to get back, to make a report of my proceeding to his honor the governor, I determined to prosecute my journey the nearest way, through the woods, on foot. I took my necessary papers, pulled off my clothes, and tied myself up in a watch coat. Then, with a gun in hand, and pack on my back, in which were my papers and provisions, I set out with Mr. Gist, fitted in the same manner. We fell in with a party of Indians, who had lain in wait for us. One of them fired not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed; we walked on the remaining part of the night, without making any stop, that we might get the start so far as to be out of the reach of their pursuit the next day, as we were well assured that they would follow our track as soon as it was light. The next day, we continued travelling until quite dark, and got to the river. We expected to have found the river frozen, but it was not more than

fifty yards from each shore. The ice, I suppose, had been broken up, for it was driving in vast quantities. There was no way of getting over but on a raft, which we set about making, with one poor hatchet, and finished just after sun-setting: this was a whole day's work. We got it launched, then went on board of it, and set off; but before we were half way over, we were jammed in the ice, in such a manner that we expected every moment our raft to sink and ourselves to perish. I put out my setting pole to endeavour to stop the raft, that the ice might pass by, when the rapidity of the stream threw it with so much violence against the pole, that it jerked me out into ten feet water."

In this dangerous situation, he was saved by the protecting hand of God, and enabled to get on the raft again; and by the next morning the river was frozen so hard, that there was no difficulty in getting to the shore on the ice. The

remainder of the journey was very fatiguing, being in the month of December, and for fifteen days it either snowed or rained.



He arrived on the 16th of January at Williamsburg, and delivered the important letter to the governor.

THE MANNER OF WASHINGTON'S BECOMING POSSESSED
OF MOUNT VERNON.

THE father of George Washington had two wives. By his first wife he had two children, both sons, Lawrence and Augustine. By his second wife he had five children, four sons and a daughter—George, Samuel, John, Charles, and Elizabeth. George's half brother, Lawrence, proving successful in business, acquired a large estate on the Potomac, called Mount Vernon, in honor of old Admiral Vernon.

At length, Lawrence was attacked by the consumption, and was advised by his physicians to make a trip to Bermuda. He invited George to accompany him. This invitation the latter accepted. The voyage proved of no benefit to Lawrence, who died not long after their return to Virginia.

On opening his will, it was found that he had

left his great estate to his brother George, in consideration of his dutiful and affectionate attentions to him during the voyage to Bermuda.

WASHINGTON'S BRAVERY AT BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT.

IN the spring of 1755, the British general, Braddock, was sent with about two thousand men to reduce Fort Du Quesne, where Pittsburg now stands, then in possession of the French. Washington, at this time, living at Mount Vernon, was invited to accompany general Braddock, as a volunteer aid-de-camp.

After the troops had marched a few miles, Washington was seized with a raging fever; but refusing to remain behind, he was conveyed in a covered wagon. By his advice, twelve hundred men were detached, in order, by a rapid movement, to reach Fort Du Quesne, before an expected reinforcement should be received at that place.

These disencumbered troops were commanded by Braddock himself; and Col. Washington, though still extremely ill, insisted upon proceeding with him. After they arrived upon the Monongahela, he advised the general to employ the ranging companies of Virginia to scour the woods, and to prevent any surprise; but his advice was not followed. On the ninth of July, when the army was within seven miles of Fort Du Quesne, the enemy commenced a sudden and furious attack, being concealed by a wood and high grass. In a short time, Col. Washington was the only aid that was unwounded, and on him devolved the whole duty of carrying the orders of the commander in chief. He was cool and fearless. Though he had two horses killed under him, and four balls through his coat, he escaped unhurt, while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. Dr. Craik, the physician who attended him in his

last sickness, was present at this battle, and says, "I expected every moment to see him fall. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him."

After an action of three hours, the troops gave



way in all directions, and Col. Washington and two others brought off Braddock, who had been

mortally wounded. He attempted to rally the retreating troops ; but, as he says himself, it was like attempting to stop the wild bears of the mountains. The conduct of the regular troops was most cowardly. The enemy were few in numbers, and had no expectation of victory.

The preservation of Washington, during this battle, was almost miraculous. He was exposed more than any other officer, and was particularly the object of savage attacks, on account of his superior bravery. After the defeat, a famous Indian warrior, who acted a distinguished part in that bloody tragedy, was heard to say, that Washington was never born to be killed by a bullet ; “for,” said he, “I had seventeen fair fires at him, with my rifle, and after all could not bring him to the ground.”

THE INDIAN PROPHECY.

IN the year 1772, Col. Washington, accompanied by Dr. Craik and a considerable party of hunters, woodsmen and others, proceeded to the Kanhawa, with a view to explore the country, and make surveys of extensive and valuable tracts of land. At that time, the Kanhawa was several hundred miles remote from the frontier settlements, and only accessible by Indian paths, which wound through the passes of the mountains.

One day, when resting in the camp from the fatigues attendant on so arduous an enterprize, a party of Indians were discovered approaching, led by a trader. They halted at a short distance, and the interpreter advancing, declared that he was conducting a party, which consisted of a grand sachem and some attendant warriors; that the chief was a very great man among the

northwestern tribes, and the same who commanded the Indians on the fall of Braddock, sixteen years before ; that hearing of the visit of Col. Washington to the western country, this chief had set out on a mission, the object of which himself would make known.

The colonel received the ambassador with courtesy, and having put matters in the camp in the best possible order, for the reception of such distinguished visitors, which so short a notice would allow, the strangers were introduced. Among the colonists were some fine, tall, and manly figures, but as soon as the sachem approached, he in a moment pointed out the hero of the Monongahela from amid the group, although sixteen years had elapsed since he had seen him, and then only in the tumult and fury of the battle. The Indian was of a lofty stature, and of a dignified and imposing appearance.

The usual salutations were going round, when

it was observed that the grand chief, although perfectly familiar with every other person present, preserved towards Col. Washington the most reverential deference. It was in vain that the colonel extended his hand ; the Indian drew back with the most impressive marks of awe and respect.

A last effort was made to induce an intercourse, by resorting to the deity of the savages—ardent spirit—which the colonel having tasted, offered to his guest. The Indian bowed his head in submission, but wetted not his lips. Tobacco, for the use of which Washington always had the utmost abhorrence, was next tried, the colonel taking a single puff, to the great annoyance of his feelings, and then offering the calumet to the chief, who touched not the symbol of savage friendship. The banquet being now ready, the colonel did the honors of the feast, and placing the great man at his side,

helped him plentifully. But the Indian fed not at the board. Amazement now possessed the company, and an intense interest became apparent, as to the issue of so extraordinary an adventure.

The council fire was kindled, when the grand



sachem addressed our Washington to the following effect:—

“I am a chief, and the ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the great lakes, and to the far blue mountains. I have travelled a long and a weary path, that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day that the white man’s blood mixed with the streams of our forest, that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men, and said, ‘Mark yon tall and daring warrior; he is not of the red-coat tribe; he hath an Indian’s wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do; himself alone is exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he dies.’ Our rifles were levelled—rifles which but for him knew not how to miss. ’T was all in vain; a power mightier far than we shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old, and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers, in the land of shades; but ere I go, there is a something bids me speak in the voice of proph-

ecy. Listen! The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies. He will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn hail him as the founder of a mighty empire."

The savage ceased;—his oracle delivered, his prophetic mission fulfilled, he retired to muse in silence upon that wonder working spirit, which his dark

"untutored mind

Saw oft in clouds, and heard him in the wind."

Night coming on, the children of the forest spread their blankets, and were soon buried in sleep. At early dawn, they bid adieu to the camp, and were seen slowly winding their way towards the distant haunts of their tribe.

This prophecy seems to have made a deep impression on the mind of Dr. Craik, who frequently mentioned it during the war of the revolution, especially after any perilous action, in which his friend and commander had been pe-

cularly exposed. Whether it had any influence upon the conduct of Washington is unknown. Certain it is, however, that he never took any pains to avoid danger, by stepping aside from the path of duty.

The night before the battle of Monmouth, several officers had assembled, at a certain place, and among them was Dr. Craik. The discourse turned upon the probable issue of the succeeding day. It was agreed on all sides, that it would be a day of blood. Much anxiety was expressed about the safety of Washington, and the propriety was suggested of a petition to Washington, not unnecessarily to expose his person, as his life was eminently important to the liberties of his country.

Craik told the officers that such a petition would answer no purpose, since Washington would never be turned aside from any duty, which he owed to his country. He then re-

mind them of the old Indian prophecy, about which he had frequently told them, adding, "Never mind the enemy ; they cannot kill him."

On the following day, the expected battle occurred, and a most bloody conflict it proved. Washington, having given his orders to Fayette, was personally engaged in forming the line of the main body, near the court house. While speaking to Col. Hartley, of the Pennsylvania line, a cannon ball struck just at his horse's feet, throwing the dirt in his face, and over his clothes. The general continued giving his orders, without noticing the derangement of his toilette. The officers present, several of whom were of the party the preceding evening, looked at each other with anxiety. The chief of the medical staff, Dr. Craik, pleased with the proof of his prediction, and in reminiscence of what had passed the evening before, pointed towards heaven, which was noticed by the others, with a gratifying smile of acknowledgement.

WASHINGTON'S KINDNESS TO THE POOR.

FOR the benefit of his health, Washington sometimes visited a public spring, in his native state, to which sick persons went, with the hope of being relieved by using the waters. At the season when there were many persons there, it was the custom of a baker to furnish a particular kind of bread, for those who could afford to pay a good price for it. One day, it was observed by a visiter, that several miserably poor sick persons tottered into the room where the bread was kept, and looked at the baker, who nodded his head, and each took up a loaf, and with a cheered countenance walked feebly away.

The visiter praised the baker for his charitable conduct, in letting those have his bread whom he knew could never pay him ; but he honestly answered : “ I lose nothing ; colonel Washington is here, and all the sick poor may

have as much of my bread as they can eat ; he pays the bill, and I assure you it is no small one.”

WASHINGTON AND AN OLD ENGLISH SOLDIER.

ON his farm, Washington had a comfortable house built for an old English soldier, who had been an attendant of general Braddock, at the time of his defeat ; after *his* death, he entered into the service of Washington, and continued in it until the close of the provincial war. He then married, and a home was provided for him at Mount Vernon.

He was too old to follow his revered commander in the struggle for independence ; and was left at home to enjoy the comforts which old age requires. Children loved to visit the old soldier, and listen to his tales of the Indian war, which he delighted in telling. When

Washington was passing round his farm, he often stopped to gladden the heart of the gray-headed veteran with kind words ; and he lived to enjoy the comforts which had been provided for him, until he was eighty years of age.

WASHINGTON IN DANGER.

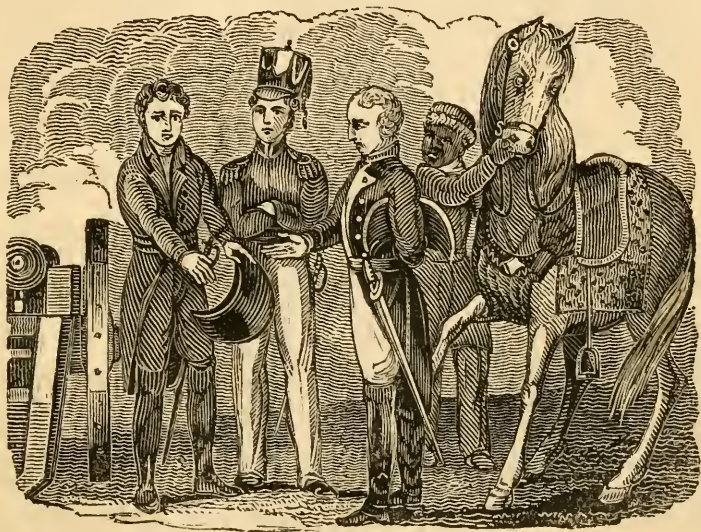
BEFORE our army evacuated New York, general Howe's army landed under cover of five ships of war. So soon as this was announced to our commander in chief, by a heavy cannonade from the men of war, he instantly rode towards our lines ; but he was astonished and mortified to find that the troops which had been posted there, and also two brigades which had been ordered to support them, were retreating in great confusion and disorder. He made every effort to rally them, but without success ; they were so panic-struck, that even the shadow

of an enemy seemed to increase their precipitate flight. His excellency, distressed and enraged, drew his sword and snapped his pistols, to check them; but they continued their flight without firing a gun; and the general, regardless of his own safety, was in so much hazard, that one of his attendants seized the reins, and gave his horse a different direction.

COURAGE OF WASHINGTON.

DURING the assault, the British kept up an incessant firing of cannon and musquetry from their whole line. General Washington and generals Knox and Lincoln, with their aids, having dismounted, were standing in an exposed situation, waiting the result. Colonel Cobb, one of general Washington's aids, solicitous for his safety, said to his excellency, "Sir, you are too much exposed here. Had you not better step

a little back?" "Colonel Cobb," replied the commander in chief, "if you are afraid, you have liberty to move back."



CALMNESS OF WASHINGTON.

WHILE Mr. Evans, one of the chaplains of the army, was standing near his excellency, a shot struck the ground so near as to cover his

hat with sand. Much agitated, he took off his hat, and said, "See here, general." "Mr. Evans," replied Washington, with his usual composure, "you had better carry that home, and show it to your *wife* and *children*."

LIBERALITY OF WASHINGTON.

WHILE the American army, under the command of Washington, lay encamped in the environs of Morristown, N. J., it occurred that the service of the communion (there observed semi-annually only) was to be administered in the Presbyterian church of that village. In a morning of the previous week, the general, after his accustomed inspection of the camp, visited the house of the Rev. Dr. Jones, then pastor of that church, and after the usual preliminaries, thus accosted him :—

“Doctor, I understand that the Lord’s supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday; I would learn if it accords with the canons of your church to admit communicants of another denomination?”

The doctor rejoined—“Most certainly; ours is not the Presbyterian table, general, but the Lord’s table; and we hence give the Lord’s invitation to all his followers of whatever name.”

The general replied, “I am glad of it; that is as it ought to be; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion. Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities.”

The doctor re-assured him of a cordial welcome, and the general was found seated with the communicants the next Sabbath.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF WASHINGTON.

MAJOR FERGUSON, who commanded a rifle corps a day or two previous to the battle of Brandywine, was the hero of a very singular accident, which he thus describes in a letter to a friend. It illustrates in a most forcible manner the overruling hand of Providence in directing the operations of a man's mind, in moments when he is least aware of it.

“We had not lain long, when a rebel officer, remarkable by a hussar dress, pressed toward our army, within a hundred yards of my right flank, not perceiving us. He was followed by another, dressed in dark green and blue, mounted on a bay horse, with a remarkably high cocked hat. I ordered three good shots to steal near, and fire at them; but the idea disgusting me, I recalled the order. The hussar, in returning, made a circuit, but he passed with-

in a hundred yards of us ; upon which I advanced from the woods towards him. Upon my calling, he stopped ; but, after looking at me, proceeded. I again drew his attention, and made signs to him to stop, levelling my piece at him ; but he slowly cantered away. By quick firing, I could have lodged half a dozen balls in or about him, before he was out of my reach. I had only to determine ; but it was not pleasant to fire at the back of an unoffending individual, who was very coolly acquitting himself of his duty ; so I let it alone.

The next day, the surgeon told me that the wounded rebel officers informed him that general Washington was all the morning with the light troops, and only attended by a French officer in the hussar dress, he himself dressed and mounted as I have before described. I am not sorry that I did not know who it was at the time."

STRENGTH OF WASHINGTON.

SEVERAL instances are recorded in which Washington put forth his muscular strength, which is said to have been remarkable. On one occasion, he threw a stone, or a piece of slate, fashioned to about the size and shape of a dollar, across the Rappahannock river, below Fredericksburg. The slate is said to have fallen at least thirty yards beyond the bank. Numbers have since tried this feat, but none have cleared the water.

Another instance is recorded, which occurred in the year 1780. A command of about five hundred men had been detached from the main army to a post on the bank of the Hudson, above fort Lee, at what is now called, we believe, "The Pallisadoes." Soon after, general Washington, accompanied by his staff, visited the command. After the usual parade and sa-

lute, the troops stacked arms; and several of the officers and men amused themselves with efforts to cast stones from the high bluff, (which to the eye *appeared* almost perpendicular,) into the river; but no one was able to effect it. Washington, sitting on his charger, and witnessing the sport, smiled at the ineffectual attempts, dismounted, gave his sword to his servant, searched for a stone, and finding one to his liking, took two or three quick steps, and giving it what is called in Virginia the "Douglas cast," or what we Yankees call a *jerk*, it seemed to take wings, and scaling a considerable distance almost horizontally, struck the water, at least a rod from the shore. All the troops witnessed the feat, and gave three spontaneous cheers, when the general, without the least appearance of having made an exertion, remounted and returned to the camp. It is next to impossible to describe the sensations felt by the spectators of

this feat of muscular strength, however trivial, executed by the idol of the army.

STATURE OF WASHINGTON.

GEN. WASHINGTON in the prime of life stood six feet two inches, and measured precisely six feet when attired for the grave. From the period of the revolution there was an evident bending in that frame, so passing straight before; but the stoop is attributable to the cares and toils of that arduous contest, rather than to age; for his step was firm, and his carriage noble and commanding, long after the time when the physical properties of man are supposed to be in the wane.

To a majestic height was added corresponding breadth and firmness; and his whole person was so cast in nature's finest mould, as to resemble the classic remains of ancient statuary,

where all the parts contribute to the purity and perfection of the whole.

His habit might be deemed rather spare than full; his weight never exceeded from two hundred and ten to twenty. His limbs were remarkable. His arms were long, large, and sinewy.

Bred in the vigorous school of the frontier warfare, "the earth his bed, his canopy the heavens," he excelled the hunter and the woodsman in their athletic habits, and in those trials of manhood which distinguished the hardy days of his early life; he was amazingly swift of foot, and could climb the mountain steep, and "not a sob his toil confess."

WASHINGTON'S RETALIATION.

It is now settled as a fact beyond dispute, that general Gates was connected with general

Lee in a wicked plan to supersede the illustrious Washington. The commander in chief was well aware of the means they used to deprive him of the affections of the army, and the confidence of the people. How he sought revenge is shown in the following anecdote.

“I found general Gates traversing the apartment, under the influence of high excitement. His agitation was excessive—every feature of his countenance, every gesture betrayed it. He had been charged with unskilful management at the battle of Camden, and he had just received official despatches, informing him that the command was transferred to general Greene. His countenance betrayed no resentment, however; it was sensibility alone which caused his emotion. He held an open letter in his hand, which he often raised to his lips, and kissed with devotion, while he repeatedly exclaimed—‘Great man! Noble, generous procedure!’

“When the tumult of his mind had a little subsided, with strong expressions of feeling, he said, ‘I have this day received a communication from the commander in chief, which has conveyed more consolation to my bosom, more ineffable delight to my heart, than I believed it possible for it ever to have felt again. With affectionate tenderness, he sympathises with me in my domestic misfortunes, and condoles with me in the loss I have sustained in the recent death of my only son; and then, with peculiar delicacy lamenting my misfortune in battle, assures me that his confidence in my zeal and capacity is so little impaired, that the command of the right wing of the army will be bestowed on me, as soon as I can make it convenient to join him.’”

MOUNT VERNON.

MR. LUND WASHINGTON, a relation of the general's, and who managed all his affairs during his five years' absence with the army, informed me that an English frigate having come up the Potomac, a party was landed, who set fire to, and destroyed some gentlemen's houses on the Maryland side, in sight of Mount Vernon, the general's house ; after which the captain, (I think captain Graves, of the *Acteon*,) sent a boat on shore to the general's, demanding a large supply of provisions, &c., with a menace of burning it likewise, in case of a refusal. To this message Mr. Lund Washington replied, "that when the general engaged in the contest, he had put all to stake, and was well aware of the exposed situation of his house and property ; in consequence of which he had given him orders by no means to comply with any demands,

for that he would make no unworthy compromise with the enemy, and was ready to meet the fate of his neighbours.”

The captain was highly incensed on receiving this answer, and removed his frigate to the Virginia shore ; but before he commenced his operations, he sent another message to the same purport, offering likewise a passport to Mr. Washington to come on board. He returned accordingly in the boat, carrying with him a small present of poultry, of which he begged the captain's acceptance.

His presence produced the best effect. He was hospitably received, notwithstanding that he repeated the same sentiments with firmness. The captain expressed his personal respect for the character of the general, commending the conduct of Mr. Lund Washington, and assured him nothing but his having misconceived the terms of the first answer could have induced

him, for a moment, to entertain the smallest idea of taking any measure offensive to so illustrious a character as the general's; explaining at the same time the real or supposed provocations, which had compelled his severity on the other side of the river.

Mr. Washington, after spending some time in perfect harmony on board, returned, and instantly despatched sheep, hogs, and an abundant supply of other articles of provision, as a present to the English frigate.

When the news of what had been done reached Gen. Washington, who was with the army, he was much displeased, and addressed the following letter to his manager.

“Sir—It gives me extreme concern to hear that you furnished the enemy with refreshments. It would have been a less painful circumstance to me to have heard, that, in consequence of

your non-compliance with their request, they had laid my plantation in ruins.

GEORGE WASHINGTON."

This was noble! Washington was a true patriot; and as a patriot, he fought for his country. He was also fond of consistency. He would not fight an enemy with one hand, and support him with another. Nor would he aid his country abroad, and help ruin her at home. His motto was, "My country—my whole country—and nothing but my country."

A WONDERFUL DELIVERANCE.

GENERAL WASHINGTON was as much distinguished for his sagacity as his bravery. He was seldom surprised—seldom ensnared. The British, in one way and another, often meditated his ruin; but, by some means, he was as often providentially delivered.

At one time, while the American army was at West Point, Washington was in singular danger, but was wonderfully preserved. Not far distant, the general had an intimate acquaintance, in whose family he enjoyed the kindest hospitality, as well as relief from many of those sterner engagements, which harassed his weary mind. As every circumstance was food to either army, a visit like this, not many miles from their camp, could not long escape the cognizance of the English; and to possess a prisoner like general Washington, would tend, in their opinion, to shorten the period of the war. But the undertaking was difficult: there were always advanced guards to cover the American commander, and there was no mode of discovering his visits, except by winning over some of the family.

The friend whom the general visited was once thought to have espoused the interests of

the British ; but he had taken a decided stand in favor of America ; and, though a brave man, he professed the strictest neutrality, alleging as his reason his years and dependant family.

During the intimacy of the general, it was rumored in the American army that his friend had been seen often returning from the British camp. Washington seemed to disregard the account ; for he never ceased to visit the family, and apparently mingled as cordially with the host as if no suspicion had crossed his mind.

At length, one day, as the general was taking his leave, his friend earnestly requested him to dine with him the following afternoon, emphatically named the hour of *two*, as the moment of expecting him. He reminded him of the uncommon delight which his intimacy conferred, begged him to lay aside every formality, and regard his house as his home ; and hinted that he feared the general did not consider it in that

light, as the guard that always accompanied him seemed to indicate that he was not visiting a *friend*.

“By no means, dear sir,” exclaimed the worthy patriot; “there is no man I esteem more than yourself; and as a proof of the confidence I repose in you, I will visit you alone to-morrow, and I pledge my sacred honor that not a single soldier shall accompany me.”

“Pardon me, general,” cried the host; “but why so serious on so trifling a subject? I merely jested.”

“I am aware of it,” said the hero, smiling; “but what of that? I have long considered the planting of these outposts as unnecessary, in as much as they may excite the suspicion of the enemy; and although it be a trifle, that trifle shall not sport with the friendship you indulge for me.”

“But then, the *hour*, general?”

“Oh yes! two o’clock, you said.”

“*Precisely!*” returned the other.

At *one* o’clock, the following day, the general mounted his favourite horse, and proceeded alone, upon a by-road, which conducted him to the hospitable mansion. It was about half an hour before the time, and the bustling host received him with open arms, in addition to the greetings of the delighted family.

“How punctual, kind sir!” exclaimed the warm-hearted friend.

“Punctuality,” replied Washington, “is an angel virtue, embracing minor, as well as important concerns. He that is not punctual with a friend may doubt his integrity.”

The host started; but recovering himself, he added, “Then yours is a proof that we enjoy your fullest confidence.”

Washington proposed a promenade upon the piazza, previous to the dinner. It overlooked a

rough country, several miles in extent ; fields of grain sweeping here and there beneath sides of bleak hills producing nothing but grass ; shallow runnels of water flowing along the uneven waste, then hidden by woodlands, intercepting a prospect of the country beyond, spotted now and then with silver glimpses of the Hudson, stealing through the sloping grounds below, and chequered on both sides by the dim purple Highlands, frowning sometimes in hoary battlements, and tapering again into gentle valleys hardly illuminated by the sun.

“This is fine, bold scenery !” exclaimed the general, apparently absorbed in the beauty of the prospect.

“Yes, sir,” replied his friend, looking wistfully around, as if expecting some one’s approach ; but catching the piercing glance of Washington, his eyes were fastened confusedly on the floor.

“I must rally you, my friend,” observed the general; “do you not perceive yonder point, that boldly rises from the water, and is suddenly lost behind that hill, which obstinately checks the view?”

“I do,” replied the absent listener, engaged apparently in something else than the subject of inquiry.

“There,” continued the hero, “my enemy lies encamped; and were it not for a slight mist, I could almost fancy that I perceived his cavalry moving; but hark—that cannon! Do you not think it proceeds from the head quarters of the enemy?”

While pointing out to his friend the profile of the country, the face of the latter was often turned the other way, seemingly engrossed in another object, immediately behind the house. He was not mistaken: it was a troop, seemingly of British horse, that were descending a distant

hill, winding through a labyrinth of numerous projections and trees, until they were seen galloping through the valley below ; and then again they were hidden by a field of forest, that swelled along the bosom of the landscape.

“Would it not be strange,” observed the general, apparently unconscious of the movements behind him, “that after all my toils, America should forfeit her liberty ?”

“Heaven forbid !” said his friend, becoming less reserved, and entering more warmly into the feelings of the other.

“But,” resumed Washington, “I have heard of treachery in the heart of one’s camp ; and doubtless you know that it is possible ‘to be wounded in the house of one’s friend.’”

“Sir,” demanded the downcast host, unable to meet the searching glance of his companion, “who can possibly intend so daring a crime ?”

“I only meant,” replied the other, that treach-

ery is the most hideous of crimes ; for, Judas-like, it will even sell its Lord for money !”

“ Very true, dear sir,” responded the anxious host, as he gazed on a troop of British horse winding round the hill, and riding with post haste towards the hospitable mansion.

“ Is it two o’clock yet ?” demanded Washington ; “ for I have an engagement this afternoon at the army, and I regret that my visit therefore must be shorter than I intended.”

“ It lacks a full quarter yet,” said his friend, seeming doubtful of his watch, from the arrival of the horsemen.

“ But, bless me, sir !” said Washington ; “ what cavalry are those that are so rapidly approaching the house ?”

“ Oh, they may possibly be a party of British light horse,” returned his companion, coolly, “ which mean no harm ; and, if I mistake not, they have been sent for the purpose of protecting me.”

As he said this, the captain of the troop was seen dismounting from his horse ; and his example was followed by the rest of the party.



“General,” returned his host, walking to him very familiarly, and tapping him on the shoulder, “general, you are my *prisoner* !”

“I believe not,” replied Washington, looking calmly at the men, who were approaching the

steps; "but, friend," exclaimed he, slapping him in return on the arm, "I know that you are *mine*! Here, officers, carry this treacherous hypocrite to the camp, and I will make him an example to the enemies of America."

The British general had secretly offered an immense sum to this man, to make an appointment with the hero, at two o'clock, at which time he was to send a troop of horse, to secure him in their possession. Suspecting his intentions, Washington had directed his own troops to habit themselves as English cavalry, and arrive half an hour, precisely, before the time he was expected.

They pursued their way to the camp, triumphing at the sagacity of their commander, who had so astonishingly defeated the machinations of the British general. But the humanity of Washington prevailed over his sense of justice. Overcome by the tears and prayers of the family, he

pardoned his treacherous friend, on condition of his leaving the country forever ; which he accordingly did ; and his name was ever after sunk in oblivion.

WASHINGTON'S SENSE OF JUSTICE.

DURING the time the American and British forces were quartered in Westchester county, near Yonkers, the honest families (women and children, for fathers and sons who were able to bear arms were forced to the field to take a part in the struggle) were incessantly harassed with the visits of scouting parties. About this time, an order was given to the soldiery, by an American general, to seize on all cattle and drive them to head quarters ; and as an excuse for these rash proceedings, he said they were fattening for the *British army*. By this order, many hundred *cows*, &c, were driven to White

Plains, leaving the poor families destitute of the means of life. Driven to a state of desperation, the *women* resolved to follow to head quarters and make known their complaints to the commander in chief in person.

When they had arrived at White Plains, their little army consisted of about two hundred honest matrons, determined to face him by whose order they had been deprived of their property, but of whose feeling character report had rightly informed them.

When they came in sight of the encampment, they observed a man calmly standing against a post, silently looking at them as they approached the outward gate: he ordered his servant to inquire their business, when, with one voice, they all answered, "We want general Washington!"

The stranger beholding an old lady of full four-score years, he requested her to approach him; she came to the piazza; he said, "Take

a chair, good mother, and let me know your grievances ; for I am general Washington."

The old lady told her tale with all the pathetic eloquence she was mistress of, which was no little, for it was a tale of *truth*, and brought tears from the general's eyes.

After ending her story, he said, "Yes, good mother, you and your companions all shall have redress ; but in walking so far you must want rest and food." In half an hour the large table in the hall was groaning under good roast beef and pudding. The women were all seated, the general at the head of the table ; he rose and asked his fair guests if they would drink to the health of general Washington. "Yes," said they, and drank with one consent. May every man in power have the justice and humanity of general Washington. Two hours ere the sun sat, saw the goodly group of female heroes returning to their homes, following their regained property.

A NOBLE ACT.

ONE Reuben Rouzy, of Virginia, owed the general about 1000 pounds. While president of the United States, one of his agents brought an action for the money; judgment was obtained, and execution issued against the body of the defendant, who was taken to jail. He had a considerable landed estate, but this kind of property cannot be sold in Virginia for debts, unless at the discretion of the person. He had a large family, and for the sake of his children preferred lying in jail to selling his land.

A friend hinted to him, that probably general Washington did not know any thing of the proceeding, and that it might be well to send him a petition, with a statement of the circumstances. He did so; and the very next post from Philadelphia, after the arrival of his petition in that city, brought him an order for his immediate re-

lease, together with a full discharge, and a severe reprimand to the agent for having acted in such a manner.

Poor Rouzy was in consequence restored to his family, who never laid down their heads at night without presenting prayers to Heaven for their "beloved Washington." Providence smiled upon the labours of the grateful family, and in a few years Rouzy enjoyed the exquisite pleasure of being able to lay the 1000 pounds, with the interest, at the feet of this truly great man. Washington reminded him that the debt was discharged: Rouzy replied, the debt of his family to the father of their country and preserver of their parent could never be discharged; and the general, to avoid the pleasing importunity of the grateful Virginian, who would not be denied, accepted the money—only, however, to divide it among Rouzy's children, which he immediately did.

THE SIX BUSHELS OF SALT.

IN the commencement of the year 1780, the army under Washington suffered a great scarcity of provisions, and its effects were felt even at head quarters, as appears by the following anecdote.

“We have nothing but rations to cook, sir,” said Mrs. Thompson, a very worthy Irish woman, and housekeeper to general Washington.

“Well, Mrs. Thompson, you must cook the rations then, for I have not a cent to give you.”

“If you please, sir, let one of the gentlemen give me an order for six bushels of salt.”

“Six bushels of salt! for what?”

“To preserve the fresh beef, sir.”

One of the aids gave the order, and the next day his excellency's table was amply provided. Mrs. Thompson was sent for, and told that she had done very wrong to expend her own money,

for it was not known when she could be repaid. "I owe you," said his excellency, "too much already to permit the debt being increased, and our situation is not at this moment such as to induce very sanguine hope."

"Dear sir," said the good old lady, "it is always darkest just before day light, and I hope your excellency will forgive me for bartering the salt for other necessaries, which are now on the table." Salt was eight dollars a bushel, and might always be exchanged with the country people for articles of provision.

WASHINGTON TRAVELLING ON THE SABBATH.

IN the town of —, in Connecticut, where the roads were extremely rough, Washington was overtaken by night, on Saturday, not being able to reach the town where he designed to rest on the Sabbath. Next morning, about sun-

rise, his coach was harnessed, and he was proceeding forward to an inn, near the place of worship, which he proposed to attend.

A plain man, who was an informing officer, came from a cottage, and inquired of the coachman whether there were any urgent reasons for his travelling on the Lord's day. The general, instead of resenting this as impertinent rudeness, ordered the coachman to stop, and with great civility explained the circumstances to the officer, commending him for his fidelity, and assured him that nothing was farther from his intention than to treat with disrespect the laws and usages of Connecticut, relative to the Sabbath, which met with his most cordial approbation.

PUNCTUALITY OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON accomplished the most part of his great works with apparent ease, by a rigid

observance of punctuality. It is known that whenever he assigned to meet congress at noon, he never failed to be passing the door of the hall when the clock struck twelve.

His dining hour was four, when he always sat down to his table, allowing only five minutes for the variation of time pieces, whether his guests were present or not. It was frequently the case with new members of congress, that they did not arrive until dinner was nearly half over; and he would remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here; my cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has."

When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight o'clock in the morning as the hour when he should set out for Salem; and while the Old South clock was striking eight, he was crossing the saddle. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, not anticipating this strict punctuality, were parading in

Tremont street, after his departure ; and it was not until the president had reached Charles' river bridge, where he stopped a few moments, that the troop of horse overtook him. On passing the corps, the president said, with perfect good nature, "Major ——, I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock."

The following anecdote was related by captain Pease, the father of the stage establishment in the United States. He had purchased a beautiful pair of horses, which he wished to dispose of to the president, who he knew was an excellent judge of horses. The president appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them at his stable. The captain, thinking the hour too early for so great a man to be stirring, did not arrive with the horses until a quarter after five, when he was told by the groom that the president was there at five, and was then fulfilling other engagements.

Pease was much mortified, and called on major Jackson, the secretary, to apologize for his delay, and to request the president to appoint some new time; and he added that he found the president's time was wholly pre-occupied for several days, and that he was compelled to stay a week in Philadelphia on expense, before the examination took place, merely for delaying the first quarter of an hour.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF WASHINGTON.

THAT Washington was a constant attendant upon divine worship, and a man of prayer, admits of no doubt. This was highly to his credit; for it too often happens that men in important stations think that their pressure of business will justly excuse them for neglecting all religious duties.

It is related of Washington, that in the French and Indian war, when he was a colonel, he used himself, in the absence of the chaplain, on the Sabbath, to read the scriptures to the soldiers of his regiment, and to pray with them ; and that more than once he was found on his knees in his marquee at secret prayer.

I have seen also, somewhere, that while at home at Mount Vernon, he was always punctual to go to church. Sometimes he had distinguished men to visit him, and who he knew had no great regard for religion. This made no difference with his conduct. On such occasions he regularly attended church, and invited them to accompany him.

During his residence in Philadelphia, as president of the United States, he was a constant attendant at the house of God, on the Sabbath ; thus setting a becoming example to others in authority. And it has often been remarked,

that in all his public messages to congress, he was particular to allude in some appropriate manner to God's overruling providence, and his sense of his own and the nation's dependence upon divine favour, for individual and national prosperity.

I shall conclude this article with the following authentic story of Potts, the honest Quaker.

During the winter of 1777, the American army lay encamped at Valley Forge. It was a trying time with the army, and the country. Prospects were much against our success.

One day, a Quaker by the name of Potts had occasion to go to a certain place, which led him through a large grove, at no great distance from head quarters.

As he was proceeding along, he thought he heard a noise. He stopped and listened. He did hear the sound of a human voice at some distance, but quite indistinctly. As it was in

the direct course he was pursuing, he went on, but with some caution. Occasionally he paused and listened, and with increasing conviction that he heard some one.

At length he came within sight of a man, whose back was turned towards him, on his knees, in the attitude of prayer. It was a secluded spot—a kind of natural bower; but it was the house of prayer.

Potts now stopped, partly leaned forward, and watched till whoever it might be was through his devotions. This was not long. And whom should he now see but Washington himself, the commander of the American armies, returning from bending prostrate before the God of armies above.

Potts himself was a pious man. He knew the power of prayer; and no sooner had he reached home, than in the fulness of his faith he broke forth to his wife Sarah, in the language of a watchman :

“Wife! Sarah! my dear, all’s well! all’s well! Yes, George Washington is sure to beat the British—*sure!*”

“What! what’s the matter with thee, Isaac?” replied the startled Sarah. “Thee seems to be much moved about something.”

“Well, and what if I am moved? who would not be moved at such a sight as I have seen to-day?”

“And what hast thee seen, Isaac?”

“Seen! I’ve seen a man at prayer!—in the woods!—George Washington himself! And now I say,—just what I *have* said,—‘All’s well; George Washington is sure to beat the British!—*sure!*’”

Whether Sarah’s faith was as strong as Isaac’s, I cannot say; but Potts’ logic was sound—that in a *good* cause, a man of prayer is sure to succeed—**SURE.**

*The last of the British was killed
and sent to the British camp.*

WASHINGTON'S BENEVOLENCE.

It is more difficult for a rich man to be benevolent than poor people are apt to imagine ; for, although he has the ability, he often wants the disposition ; and this is often hard to obtain. Wealth, instead of rendering the heart liberal, makes it selfish.

But in respect to Washington we find a happy exception. He was rich, and he was charitable. Not a few instances are recorded of his benevolence. We have recorded some in this volume. We shall here relate some others.

He owned several fishing stations on the Potomac, at which excellent herring were caught, and which, when salted, proved an important article of food to the poor. For their accommodation he appropriated a station—one of the best he had—and furnished it with all the necessary apparatus for taking herring. Here the

honest poor might fish, free of expense, at any time, by only an application to the overseer; and if at any time inadequate to draw the seine, assistance was rendered by order of the general. By this means, all the poor round about had the means of procuring a competent stock of this valuable food for their families. No marvel that such a general as Washington was in the army, and such a man in retirement, should be said to be "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Another rule on one of his plantations was, to have a corn house filled every year with corn, to be distributed to the poor of the neighbourhood; and on one occasion it is related that at a time when corn was worth a dollar a bushel, and by means of the scarcity the poorer classes were suffering, orders were transmitted to his agent to *give* away all that could be spared, and if there was not enough to supply the wants of

the poor, to *purchase* some hundreds of bushels. This was not merely *wishing* well to his fellow beings, but *acting* well for them.

The story of the poor Irishman always pleased me. He wanted to hire a farm, and hearing that general W. had one to let, he made him a visit for the purpose of procuring it.

The general had just before leased it, and therefore had none to dispose of. But he expressed his kindness for poor Pat, and sincerely regretted that he could not accommodate him.

“A thousand thanks to your honor!” exclaimed the Irishman, as he took his leave.

“What!” said Washington, “thank me, when I have refused you?”

“Och!” said Pat, “thank you; upon my shoul, that I do, a thousand times.”

“And why?” said Washington.

“Why! och! and bless your dear eyes, you trate me like a rael gentleman. You tell’d me

at once that you could not serve me, and don't keep me waiting here like a nigger all day. You've done my business for me in no time at all. So farewell to your honor's excellence."

WASHINGTON'S FRIENDSHIP FOR GEN. KNOX.

WASHINGTON always kept this useful and scientific officer near his own person; and he not only honored him with confidence, but with brotherly affection. After the defeat of Gates' army at Camden, general Greene was offered the arduous command of the southern department. The Quaker general, with his usual modesty, replied, "Knox is the man for that difficult undertaking; all obstacles vanish before *him*; his resources are infinite." "True," replied Washington, "and therefore I cannot part with him."

WASHINGTON'S FAVOURITE HORSES.

GENERAL WASHINGTON had two favourite horses; one a large elegant parade horse, of a chesnut colour, high spirited, and of a gallant carriage: this horse had belonged to the British army. The other was smaller, and his colour sorrel. This he used always to ride in time of action; so that whenever the general mounted him, the word ran through the ranks, "We have business on hand."

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS.

THE principal officers of the army assembled at Francis' tavern in New York, to take a final leave of their much loved commander in chief. Soon after, his excellency entered the room. His emotions were too strong to be concealed. Filling a glass and turning to them, he said,

“With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you. I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable.”



Having drank, he added, “I cannot come to each of you to take my leave, but shall be obliged to you if each of you will come and take

me by the hand." General Knox, being nearest, turned to him. Incapable of utterance, Washington in tears grasped his hand, embraced, and kissed him.

In the same affectionate manner he took leave of each succeeding officer. In every eye was the tear of dignified sensibility; and not a whisper interrupted the eloquent silence and tenderness of the scene.

Leaving the room, he passed through the corps of light infantry, and walked to White Hall, where a barge waited to convey him to Paulus' Hook. The whole company followed in mute and solemn procession, with dejected countenances, testifying feelings of delicious melancholy which no language can describe. Having entered the barge, he turned to the company, and waving his hat, he bade them a silent adieu. They paid him the same affectionate compliment, and after the barge had left

them, they returned, in the same solemn manner, to the place where they had assembled. The passions of human nature were never more agitated than in this interesting and distressful scene.

RESIGNATION OF HIS MILITARY COMMISSION.

ON the 23d of December, 1783, general Washington resigned his commission to congress, as commander in chief of the armies of the United States.

On this interesting and solemn occasion he appeared in the hall of congress. As he rose to speak, every eye was fixed upon him. He began by expressing his humble joy at the accomplishment of his wishes and exertions, in the independence of his country. Next, he commended to congress and to the country the companions of his toils and trials, and concluded as follows:

“I consider it an indispensable duty to close the last solemn act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping.

“Having now finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action ; and, bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body, under whose orders I have long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life.”

PRESIDENT MIFFLIN'S REPLY.

Upon accepting his commission, congress, through their president, expressed in glowing language to Washington their high sense of his wisdom and energy, in conducting the war to

so happy a termination, and invoked the choicest blessings upon his future life.

President Mifflin concluded as follows :—
“We join you in commending the interests of our dearest country to Almighty God, beseeching him to dispose the hearts and minds of its citizens to improve the opportunity afforded them of becoming a happy and respectable nation. And as for you, we address to Him our earnest prayers, that the life so beloved may be fostered with all his care ; that your days may be as happy as they have been illustrious ; and that he will finally give you that reward which this world cannot give.”

A profound silence now pervaded the assembly. The grandeur of the scene, the recollection of the past, the felicity of the present, and the hopes of the future, crowded fast upon all, while they united in invoking blessings upon the man who, under God, had achieved so much,

and who now, in the character of a mere *citizen*, was hastening to a long desired repose, at his seat at Mount Vernon, in Virginia.

WASHINGTON APPOINTED PRESIDENT.

ON the 14th of April, 1789, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, congress informed him of his appointment to the presidency ; and he accepted it because it was the call of his countrymen to serve them. On this occasion he wrote a letter to one of his friends, in which he expressed sentiments which showed the dignity and modesty of his character. He said, "I am unwilling in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without the competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking on a hazardous

voyage, but what returns will be made Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise ; these, be the voyage long or short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men ; for of the consolations which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me." He knew that fickle men might withdraw the honors which they had given to him ; but virtue, the gift of his adored Creator, he felt that man had no power to take from him.

He visited his respected mother to inform her of his appointment. He had endeavoured to prevail on her to make Mount Vernon the home of her latter years ; but she would not consent to leave her humble dwelling, which was particularly dear to her from having near it a rural spot, made private by surrounding trees, where she daily offered up to her Creator her confessions and prayers.

When her son told her that he must bid her farewell, he said, "As soon as the weight of public business, which must necessarily attend the outset of a new government, can be disposed of, I shall return to Virginia and"—

"You will see me no more," said his mother, interrupting him; "my great age warns me that I shall not be long in this world. I trust in God that I may be somewhat prepared for a better. Go, George; go, my son! and perform your duties; and may the blessing of God, and that of a mother, be with you always." She cast her feeble arms fondly around his neck, and resting his head on the shoulder of his aged parent, the truly great man shed tears of filial tenderness.

He parted from her with the sad feeling that he should indeed "see her no more;" and in a short time her eighty-five years of life closed in death. But her son could have the comforting

hope, that she would be one of those happy beings to whom the word of truth gives the assurance, that after passing through "the dark valley of the shadow of death," where christians need "fear no evil," they shall partake of those sinless and endless enjoyments, which "God hath prepared for them that love him."

WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY TO NEW YORK.

IN April he left Mount Vernon to proceed to New York, to enter on the duties of his high office. Everywhere he received testimonies of respect and love. At Trenton, the gentler sex rewarded him for his successful enterprise, and the protection he afforded them twelve years before. On the bridge over the creek, which passes through the town, was erected a triumphal arch, ornamented with laurels and flowers, and supported by thirteen pillars, each encircled

with evergreen. On the front of the arch was inscribed in large gilt letters, **THE DEFENDER OF THE MOTHERS WILL BE THE PROTECTOR OF THE DAUGHTERS.**

At this place he was met by a party of matrons, leading their daughters, who were dressed in white, and who, with baskets of flowers in their hands, sung with exquisite sweetness the following ode, written for the occasion :—

Welcome, mighty chief, once more
Welcome to this grateful shore ;
Now no mercenary foe
Aims again the fatal blow,
Aims at THEE the fatal blow.

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arm did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers ;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers,
Strew your HERO'S way with flowers.

At the last line, the flowers were strewed before him. After receiving such proofs of af-

fectionate attachment, he arrived at New York, and was inaugurated first president of the United States, on the thirteenth of April.

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

It is usual for every president of the United States to deliver an address at the time he is inducted into office. When general Washington was about to enter on his duties as president, among other things he said :—

“It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves, for these essential purposes ;

and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge.

“In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow citizens at large less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. These reflections, arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking that there are none, under the influence of which a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.”

At the close of this address, which has ever since been justly admired, and which is worthy of double honor from its repeated reference to the good providence of God as the basis of all national prosperity, he adds—"I shall take my present leave ; but not without resorting once more to the benign Parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that since he has been pleased to favour the American people with opportunities for deliberating with perfect tranquillity, and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness ; so his divine blessings may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend."

WASHINGTON'S JOURNEYS.

THE first president took considerable pains, and used frequent stratagems, to avoid the numberless manifestations of attachment and respect, which awaited him wherever he went. On his journies he charged the courier, who would precede to engage accommodations at the inns, by no means to mention the coming of the president to other than the landlord. These precautions but rarely took effect; and when the chief would suppose he had stolen a march on his old companions in arms and fellow citizens, a horseman would be discovered dashing off at full speed, and soon would be heard the trumpet of the volunteer cavalry; and the village cannon, roused from its bed of neglect, where it had lain since warlike times, would summon all within reach of its echoes, to haste and bid welcome to the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Every village and little hamlet poured forth their population to greet the arrival of him whom all delighted to honor. A kind of jubilee everywhere attended the progress of the patriot chief; for even the school children, with the curiosity incident to that age of innocence, would labour hard at the daily lesson, and leave the birch to hang idly on the wall, when to see general Washington was the expected holiday and reward. And many of these children, now the parents of families, while recalling the golden hours of infancy, will dwell with delight on the time when they were presented to the paternal chief, and recount how they heard the kindly sounds of his voice, felt the kindlier touch of his hand, or climbed his knee to share the good man's smile. Pure, happy, and honored recollections! They will descend like traditionary lore from generation to generation, venerable to all future time.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AND THE IRISHMAN.

IN the first presidency the door of the president's house gathered but little rust on its hinges, while often was its latch lifted by the "broken soldier." Scarce a day passed that some veteran of the heroic time did not present himself at *head quarters*. The most tattered of these types of the days of privation and trial was "kindly bid to stay," was offered refreshment, and a glass of something to the old general's health, and then dismissed with lighter hearts and heavier pouches.

So passed the many; but not so with one of Erin's sons. It was about the hour of the Tuesday levee, when German John, the porter, opened to a hearty rap, expecting to admit at least a dignitary of the land, or foreign ambassador, when, who should march into the hall but an old fellow, whose weather-beaten counte-

nance and well worn apparel showed him to be no "carpet knight." His introduction was short, but to the purpose.

He had come to head quarters to see his honor's excellence, God bless him. He was an old soldier. In vain the porter assured him that it would be impossible to see the president at that time; a great company was momentarily expected; the hall was not a fitting place; would he go to the steward's apartment and get something to drink? To all which Pat replied that he was in no hurry; that he would wait his honor's leisure;—and taking a chair, composed and made himself comfortable.

And now passed ministers of state, and foreign ministers, senators, judges, the great and the gay; meanwhile poor Pat stoutly maintained his post, gazing on the crowd till the levee ended. The president, about to retire to his library, was informed that an obstinate Irishman

had taken possession of the hall, and would be satisfied with nothing short of an interview with the president himself.

The chief good-naturedly turned into the hall. So soon as the veteran saw his old commander, he roared out, "Long life to your honor's excellency ;" at the same time hurling his hat to the ground, and erecting himself with military precision.

"Your honor will not remember me ; though many is the day that I have marched under your orders, and many's the hard knock I've had too. I belonged to Wayne's brigade—*Mad Antony*, the British called him, and, by the powers, he was always mad enough for them. I was wounded in the battle of Germantown. Hurra for America ; and it does my heart good to see your honor ; and how is the dear lady and the little ones ?"

Here the usually grave temperament of Wash-

ington gave way, as with a smile he replied, that he was well, as was Mrs. Washington; but they were unfortunate in having no children; then pressing a token into the soldier's hand, he ascended the staircase to his library. The Irishman followed with his eyes the retiring general, then looked again and again upon the token which he had received from his *honor's own hand*, pouched it, recovered his hat, which he placed with military exactness a little on one side, then took up his line of march, and as he passed the porter, called out, "There, now, you Hessian fellow, you see his honor's excellence has not forgotten an old soldier."

FRANKLIN'S TOAST ABOUT WASHINGTON.

LONG after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine

with the English and French ambassadors, when the following toasts were drunk. By the British ambassador. "England—the *sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth." The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank, "France—the *moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays, are the delight of all nations; consoling them in darkness, and making their dreariness beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then rose, and with his usual dignified simplicity, said, "George Washington—the Joshua, *who commanded the sun and moon to stand still; and they obeyed him.*"

YOUTH AND EXPERIENCE.

A GENTLEMAN who had heard the Rev. Mr. Davis relate that Col. Washington had said "he

knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets," being alone with him at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the latter end of 1775, at the time he was commander in chief of the continental forces, asked him whether it was as had been related. The general answered, "If I said so, it was when I was *young*."

BONAPARTE'S OPINION OF WASHINGTON.

"*Ah, gentlemen!*" exclaimed Bonaparte—'twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Americans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honor of an introduction to him. Scarcely were past the customary salutations, when he eagerly asked, "*How fares your countryman, the great Washington?*" "He was very well," replied the youths, brightening at the thought that they were the countrymen of

Washington; "he was very well, general, when we left America." "Ah, gentlemen!" rejoined he, "Washington can never be otherwise than well. The measure of *his* fame is full. Posterity will talk of him with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolutions!"

THE PRESIDENT'S GUARD.

AN Englishman in Philadelphia, speaking of the presidency of Washington, was expressing a wish to behold him. While this conversation passed, "There he goes," replied the American, pointing to a tall, erect, dignified personage, passing on the other side of the street. "That general Washington!" exclaimed the Englishman; "where is his guard?" "Here," replied the American, striking on his bosom with emphasis.

WASHINGTON IN RETIREMENT.

THE rest for which Washington had longed, was not idleness ; and when he had examined every part of his large farm, which had been in some degree neglected during his absence, he immediately commenced the employment of improving it.

His faithful mother, in forming his first habits, had not neglected that of early rising ; and through the whole of his useful life that habit was continued. In winter he rose usually two hours before day ; and in summer was ready to enjoy the healthful freshness and beauty of the dawn. Thus did the man who stands highest in the admiration of the world, and whose deeds were exalted and laborious, set an example to his countrymen, which, if they imitate, they will gain for themselves many a precious hour ; which, if well employed, may tend to secure the

divine promise, "The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in thy store houses, and in all that thou settest thy hand unto: and he shall bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

The habit of early rising, in connexion with the exemplary one of strict attention to order in all his employments, gave Washington "time for all things;" so that, though he had such numerous and arduous public duties to attend to, he did not neglect any private one, but performed with ease himself what would seem to be employment for many. He was remarkably neat in his person, but used a very short portion of time for attention to his dress.

After his return to his farm, he visited his stables every day, to be certain that his horses were well taken care of. The one on which he rode when directing the siege of Yorktown, he did not use again. It was allowed to graze on

the best pasture in summer, and was carefully stabled in winter, and died of old age, several years after the close of the war.

Washington was employed for several hours each day in visiting all parts of his large farm. He went alone, opening and shutting the gates, and pulling down and putting up the bars, as he passed.

One day, colonel Meade, a valued friend of Washington, was met by Mr. Custis, a relation of Mrs. Washington; colonel Meade inquired if he should find the general at the house, or if he was out on the farm. Mr. Custis, not knowing colonel Meade, replied, that the general was out; and giving directions as to the part of the farm on which he would probably be found, added, "You will meet, sir, an old gentleman, riding alone, in plain drab clothes, a broad brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying a long staff, which is attached to

his saddle bow ; that, sir, is general Washington !" The old friend of Washington replied, "Thank ye, thank ye, young gentleman ; I think, if I fall in with the general, I shall be rather apt to know him."

This description of Washington gives us some knowledge of how he looked on his farm. So many pictures of him, in different situations, have been drawn, and young Americans have so often seen him represented on sign posts in every part of the land, that they think they know exactly how he looked ; but unless they had seen him, instead of pictures of him, they can have no correct idea of his noble appearance.

In his youth he was remarkable for the straightness and manliness of his form, which was six feet and two inches high. The expression of his countenance was serious, but very pleasing ; his eyes were a mild blue ; and the

flush of health gave a glow to his cheeks. His step was always firm ; but after the toils of the long war, his body was a little bent as he walked, and his once smooth forehead and cheeks were marked with care-worn furrows.

LAST HOURS OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ON Friday, the 13th of December, 1799, while attending to some improvements upon his estate, he was exposed to a slight rain, by which his hair and neck became wet. His clothes being also damp, he changed them when he returned home, and sat down to an in-door employment ; for he never passed an hour in idleness. In the evening, when he joined his family at the tea-table, he said he felt a chilliness, and after drinking one cup of tea, he went into his library, where he remained alone all the evening ; for his family knew that

he wished not to be disturbed when he was there.

His usual hour of retiring was nine o'clock. When that hour passed, Mrs. Washington became uneasy, because she did not hear his well known step, or his call to the family to prepare for bed. When, at length, he entered his chamber, she expressed her surprise that he had staid in his library so late, when he was not well; he replied, "I came as soon as the business I was engaged in was accomplished; you know that through life it has been my unvaried rule, never to put off till to-morrow the duties which should be performed to-day."

In the night, he was seized with an inflammatory affection of the wind pipe. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult, rather than a painful,

deglutition, which were soon succeeded by a fever, and a quick and laborious respiration.

Believing blood letting to be necessary, he procured a bleeder, who took from his arm twelve or fourteen ounces of blood; but he would not permit a messenger to be despatched for his family physician until the appearance of day. About eleven in the morning Dr. Craik arrived; and perceiving the extreme danger of the case, requested that two consulting physicians should be immediately sent for. The utmost exertions of medical skill were applied in vain. The powers of life were manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder; speaking, which was painful from the beginning, became almost impracticable; respiration became more and more imperfect; until half past eleven on Saturday night, when, retaining the full possession of his intellect, he expired without a struggle. His departure was so peaceful that the friends who

were watching him, in almost breathless silence, did not know the moment of his death. His loved wife kneeled beside his bed, with her head resting on the Bible, in which she daily read the precepts and cheering promises of her Saviour; and they comforted her in the hour of deepest sorrow. Her miniature portrait was found on the bosom of Washington, where he had worn it for forty years.

Believing at the commencement of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal, he submitted to the exertions made for his recovery rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. Some hours before his death, after repeated efforts to be understood, he succeeded in expressing a desire that he might be permitted to die without interruption. After it became impossible to get any thing down his throat, he undressed himself, and went to bed,

there to die. To his friend and physician, Dr. Craik, who sat on his bed, and took his head in his lap, he said, with difficulty, "Doctor, I am dying; I have been dying for a long time; but I am not afraid to die."

During the short period of his illness, he economized his time, in arranging, with the utmost serenity, those few concerns which required his attention, and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity which was so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

The deep and wide-spreading grief occasioned by this melancholy event, assembled a great concourse of people, for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the first of Americans. On Wednesday, the 18th of December, attended by military honors and the ceremonies of religion, his body was deposited in the family vault at Mount Vernon.

So short was his illness, that, at the seat of government, the intelligence of his death preceded that of his indisposition. It was first communicated, by a passenger in the stage, to an acquaintance, whom he met in the street, and the report quickly reached the house of representatives, which was then in session. A solemn silence prevailed for several minutes; judge Marshall, the present chief justice of the United States, then a member of the house, stated in his place the melancholy information which had been received. This information, he said, was not certain, but there was too much reason to believe it true.

“After receiving intelligence,” he added, “of a national calamity so heavy and afflicting, the house of representatives can be but ill fitted for public business.” He therefore moved an adjournment. Both houses adjourned until the next day.

On the succeeding day, as soon as the orders were read, the same member addressed the chair, and afterwards offered the following resolutions :

“Resolved, that this house will wait upon the president, in condolence of this mournful event.

“Resolved, that the speaker’s chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the house wear black during the session.

“Resolved, that a committee, in conjunction with one from the senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.”





